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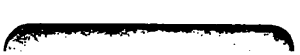

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MARATHON,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

PLINY EARLE, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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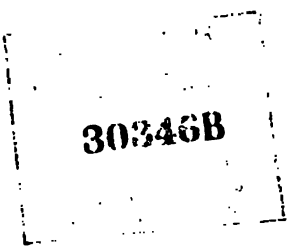
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PREFACE.

A large portion of the contents of this volume are the productions of leisure hours in the years of minority. The remainder were chiefly composed during a tour in foreign countries, and subsequent to visiting the scenes to which they refer. If, in presenting them to the public, the Author shall be instrumental in furnishing useful entertainment for an hour otherwise unoccupied, in stealing a single pang from the couch of sickness and of pain, or in inculcating correct sentiment in one expanding mind, he will not have written entirely in vain.

MARATHON.

What scene is this which round me lies—
  This lengthened plain I look upon?
Greatest of Grecian victories,
  'Tis thine, time-honoured Marathon!
Proud theatre of martial strife!
Grand vortex of departed life!
Arena, deluged with a flood
Of freely flowing human blood!

Yet, as upon this rising mound,
  This mausoleum of the dead,
I sit, and cast my vision round,
  Where furious thousands fought and bled,
'Tis silence all, save when a note
Comes, on the creeping breeze afloat,
From yonder rugged mountain rock,
Where the rude shepherd guards his flock.

Roll back, thou current of departed years!
  Speed, Fancy, through the shadowy gloom of Eld!

Bring, o'er the chequered waste of smiles and tears,
The scenes which Hellas in her prime beheld.
Rise, ye whose bones have mingled with this soil!
Rise ye, and let the pealing trumpet speak!
Rise in the battle's phrenzy and turmoil,
Rise, fiery Persian! rise, infuriate Greek!

'Tis done, 'tis done; around me, now,
In countless myriads they rise;
The trumpet shakes the trembling skies,
And, swift as forked lightning flies,
The first fleet-winged arrow hies
Upon its way, directed well,
As that which, from the hand of Tell,
Severed the fruit upon his infant's brow.
I see the bold Athenians' camp,
Where yonder mountain meets the plain;
I hear the bridled charger's champ,
The turf resounding with his tramp,
I mark his leap and vengeful stamp,
Now on the sounding sod, but soon upon the slain.

Ha! front to front, in thick array,
Behold the serried ranks advance.
Snuffing the wind, with startling neigh,
Ten thousand stately chargers prance,
Impatient for the onset; lance,
Falchion and halberd, whetted to destroy,
Glitter, as erst they gleamed before the gates of Troy.

As, when upon the tempest's wings,
  Careering through Hellena's heaven,
The angry clouds the whirlwind brings,
  In deep and boding gloom are driven,
From old Hymettus, where the bee
  Her nectared fount of sweets distils,
The thunder echoes to the sea,
  Or leaps from Missolonghi's hills—
    The native hills of Bozzaris*—
Bounds from Bœotia's rocks, or springs
    Along the stern Acropolis,
So, now, the deafening clang and din
  Tumultuous of the warring throng,
Rise; and, as earthquake-sounds begin,
  Echo Kotroni's cliffs along,
From Argalaki's craggy sides rebound,
While Negropont's high cliffs return the alarum
      sound.

Persian to Spartan, breast to breast,
  Gauntlet to gauntlet, shield to shield,
Foot unto foot, and crest to crest,
    With muscles of a Hercules,
  Their weapons of destruction wield,
  Like one who was not born to yield,
    But dies or victory sees.
Beneath the vizor-shield of brass,
  Flashes the eye with kindling flame,

* The Greeks pronounce this word, Bots'-a-ris.

And, shrouded in the bright cuirass,
The electric nerve, the swollen vein,
And sinews of a giant frame,
Labour, the victor-wreath to gain,
Like Agonistes, when he tore
The brawny lion's jaws in twain,
Or when, at night, from Gaza's plain,
Her gates to Hebron's height he bore;
Or, when he could no longer brook
The smile of scorn, the taunt, the frown,
He heaved his mighty frame and shook
Old Dagon's temple-pillars down,
And made its massive walls of rock
Reel, as before an earthquake's shock,
And fall upon the heads of those
Who triumphed o'er him in his woes.

Onward the battling coursers dash,
With eye of fire and flowing mane;
Sabre meets sabre, clash to clash,
Armour to armour rings again;
Falls the swift spear in atoms broke,
Shattered by halberd's parrying stroke;
Shout unto shout re-echoes loud;
Buckler and breast-plate brightly gleam;
Javelin and dart, by thousands, stream
Along the circumambient air,
Like transient meteors' startling glare,
Or streamings of the comet's hair.
From all that dense and warring crowd,

Strange sounds of woe and discord come.
The huge balista's piercing twang—
The deafening catapulta's clang—
The dying warrior's hollow moan—
The sigh of anguish and the groan—
The last, long, gurgling, death-like gasp—
As the stern soldier yields his grasp,
And the freed spirit wanders home,—
Till thousands, yielding up their breath,
Lie in the cold embrace of Death,
And the red surface of the sod
Smokes with life's fervid flood.
O, God!
Is *this* the being whose first sire
Received from thee his vital fire,
And roamed through Eden's garden shade,
Beguiling life's enchanted hours,
Amidst the aromatic flowers
And foliage of Elysian bowers,
Perfect, upright, in Thy blest image made!

Ay, he indeed; nor has the flight
Of ages o'er this nether sphere,
Nor the deep curse of battle's blight,
Nor Alexander's mad career,
Nor Linden's woes, nor Trafalgar,
Nor all the record-roll of war,
From Siddim's fight to Waterloo,
Nor has the rising of the star,
In Palestina's heaven of blue,

Of Him who left his Father's bosom,
Glad tidings of great joy to preach,
And man's corrupted heart to teach
The sword to bury, and to rear
The olive-tree and myrtle-blossom,—
These have not curbed Ambition's flight,
Nor ushered in the era bright,
Foreseen by prophet, sage and seer,
When war and all its miseries o'er,
Nations shall lift the sword no more.

If rebel angels, when they warred
Against their fellows and high Heaven,
Despised, rejected and abhorred,
From God and paradise were driven,
Where is man's hope, if yet, with zeal,
He urges war's destroying art,
Fostering, against his brother's weal,
The deadliest passion that can steel
The soul by nature wont to feel,—
The lepra of the human heart.

Ages on ages now have passed,
Since, upon Marathona's plain,
Its broad folds to the breezes cast,
Waving o'er legions of the slain,
The Grecian banner was unfurled.
And what doth history's page unfold,
Tracing, along the stream of time,
The progress of this glorious clime;
The land of sages, warriors bold,
This nation proud, this Empress of the world.

In olden time, when Art was young,
In Grecia's ancient years of glory,
When Phidias wrought, and Homer sung
Lamented Troy's too tragic story,
An artist, his creative will
To one sublime conception turning,
Dwelt on the loved idea, till
His brain with phrenzy's heat was burning.
Then, from his genius-guided hand,
Came forth the spirit's beau-ideal
Of human grace, so true that, fanned
To life, the mortal had been real.
'Twas done—the artist's work of pride!
He gazed awhile, in mute devotion,
Rushed to its arms, kissed, fell and died;
Yes, died, of over-wrought emotion.

As died the sculptor, Grecia died:
Her giant mind long years had wrought,
Embodying her noblest thought;
Moulding, in fair, delusive charms,
An idol form of ARTS and ARMS;
And when, upon its altar reared,
The finished god in pride appeared,
She basely knelt and deified
The favourite image, till her soul
Bowed to its dark and stern control,
And, in the trance upon her cast,
Exhausted, fell, and breathed her last.

Now, from the Crœsus-land which owns
  The sceptre of a youthful queen;
Where every plain with plenty groans,
  And vallies of redundant green
In beauty vie with Tempe's vale;
Breathing, upon the passing gale,
Which wakes the leaves in gentle stir,
Aroma, grateful as the myrrh
And spice that come from flower and tree,
Upon the air of Araby;—
From blithesome, gay and sunny France,
  Where course the yellow waves of Yonne,
And vineyards smile, where deftly dance
  The waters of the wild Garonne;—
From Spain, with all her castle-walls,
  By genius of Herarra planned;
Where Pleasure holds her festivals
Within the antique, gothic halls
  Enriched by old Murillo's hand;
Where, from Morena's mountain height,
  Courses the golden Gaudalquiver
Through many a plain with flowers bedight;
  And many another rushing river
  Speeds on its joyous way forever;—
Where, in Grenada's matchless towers,
  And palaces of proud Seville,
On Andalusia's land of flowers,
  The bold Hidalgo dwelleth still;—
From thee, my country, where the bird
  Of freedom which from Phylé flew,

[Pausing, upon her onward way,
Where Rome now rears its ruins grey,
On fair Helvetia's mounts of blue,
Or where the Rhine winds wild and free,
And rolls the sunny Zuyder Zee;]
At Liberty's commanding word,
Has folded now her pinions fair
Beneath thy skies and mountain-air;—
From these and many another land,
From Oregon to 'farthest Ind,'
O'er weary plain and mountain grand,
Or swiftly borne by wave and wind,
The pilgrim cometh, o'er the urn
Where Beauty's ashes long have slept,
To pay his offering, and turn
To weep, as pilgrims long have wept.

Still, Hellas sleeps the sleep of death,
And o'er her plain and mountain tomb,
From Elis to the farthest hill
That marks the bounds of Macedon,
The night of ages hovers still,
With that impenetrable gloom
Which gathered there in centuries gone.
But lo! within her orient sky,
A ray of mellow light is breaking,
And gathered mists before it fly;
The prelude to her second waking!
And hark! upon the listening ear,
A low, faint whispering of breath

Falls soft, yet clear,
  Distinct but mild,
Like that the youthful mother hears,
When, with a parent's joys and fears,
  She bendeth o'er her slumbering child.
She wakens! shout, ye sons of men!
Joy, joy for Greece! she lives again!

POLYCARP.

Upon the declivity of the mountainous ridge which bounds the city of Smyrna, Asia Minor, on the east, and at a place commanding an extensive and beautiful view of the bay, the city and its environs, stands a solitary cypress. Beneath this tree, upon one side, is a sepulchral monument, and, on the other, a large stone, before which the faithful Mussulmen are accustomed to kneel, at prayers, with their faces directed towards the "City of the Prophet." Upon this spot, according to tradition, Polycarp, Bishop of the Church at Smyrna, and a follower of St. John the Apostle, suffered martyrdom. A visit to the place suggested the following lines.

Hold! heedless stranger, for thou standest where,
In ages past, the Christian fathers stood:
Stay, stay thy steps! thou breathest hallowed air,
And tread'st the turf steeped in a martyr's blood.

Here sit thee down, beneath the cypress' shade,
Upon that martyr's mouldering ashes cast,

And trace the changes centuries have made,
  Careering onward to the vanished past.

Mutation comes o'er all terrestrial things,
  As change the seasons of the rolling year;
O'er empires, cities, laws, religions, kings;
  Nor are its many traces wanting here.

Triumphant here the Macedonian trod,
  Who for new climes to conquer wept in vain;
The eastern thunderer's feet have pressed this sod,
  The Tartan chief, all-conquering Tamerlane.

Here stood the loved, fair-haired disciple, who
  Had left his kindred for his Saviour's sake;
And e'en this spot the final footsteps knew,
  Of him whose faith nor stripes, nor death could shake.

On yonder cliff, scorning the touch of time,
  The waste of war, and elemental rage,
Standing in solitude, erect, sublime,
  Rise the rude relics of a triune age.*

Approach! observe! behold their rugged sides,
  Marred with the missile marks of angry War,
Whose fiery coursers trained, with giant strides,
  Across these realms Ambition's iron car.

* The walls of the ancient city. They were built at three different epochs.

Hail! lord of creatures, Heaven-exalted man;
Hail! legatee of an immortal mind;
Hail! grand exception, since the world began,
Of earthly beings warring with their kind.

Ignobly noble, tread thy reeking path,
Ravage the earth and crush thy kind to dust;
Seek the misnomer, Fame, through crime and wrath,
Then ask thy conscience if thy cause be just.

Aye, ask the God of Heaven, if he hath made
Thine upright form, and given thy spirit fire,
That thou might spring the mine and wield the blade,
And in thy brother's gore glut thine avengeful ire.

Behold yon army, grand and glorious sight!
How heaves the heart at the inspiring view!
A thousand sabres glitter in the light,
Ten thousand bayonets, borne by soldiers true.

Gracefully falls the golden epaulette;
Wide wave the plumes before the wandering wind;
How chaste in form the brazen-crowned casquette!
How rich the robes those manly chests that bind!

The chafing chargers champ the sounding bit,
Grace in each motion,—grace allied with pride;
How like Napoleons, Alexanders sit
The Apollo-forms, those gallant steeds that ride!

List to the music! spirit-stirring sound!
The fife, the trumpet, and the doubling drum;
And, lo! that stately step that spurns the ground—
The kindred dust from whence their dust hath come.

Behold! admire! but ask for what this show;
For what? for this:—the weeping widow's tears,
And orphans wailing the untimely blow
That doomed their fathers, in the prime of years.

For sisters bending o'er a brother's bier,
A brother in his manhood's beauty slain;
For the keen anguish of a mother's tear,
O'er him her bosom fondly nursed in vain.

For fire-sides lonely, for the vacant board,
For blighted love, for fond affections riven,
For man's base passions, fallen and unrestored,
For loss of home, of happiness and Heaven;

For war's deep curses; cities desolate,
Arts checked, trade fallen, lands ruined, commerce lost;
For carnage, death, revenge, ambition, hate;
For *these* this pageant; is it worth the cost?

If so, ye warriors, shout the deathly yell!
Strive for the palm the angels' fallen have striven!
Make of this blooming earth a second hell!

Your old preceptor taught his doctrines well,
"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

But yet, methinks, if Heaven's unerring laws
Decree the scourging, sin-chastising rod,
For him who, fiend-like, the stiletto draws,
And speeds *one* spirit homeward to its God;

Then, heavier than a Himmaleh of lead
Must be the weight of unrepented guilt,
Descending on the death-devoted head
Of him by whom a *nation's* blood is spilt.

Ha! reeking still, beside me now there lies
A gory stream, yet not from human tide;
It is the faithful Moslem's sacrifice
Upon the place where Polycarpus died.

Strange faith, which holds to Christian martyrs, yet
Rejects the Sovereign of the throne of thrones;
Discarding Jesus clings to Mahomet,
Denies the master,* the disciple† owns.‡

Hark! at this moment, ere the sun be set,
Far-circling through the circumambient air,
From towering top of many a minaret,
The hoarse mashallah calls the world to prayer.

* The Saviour. † Polycarp.
‡ See Note A, in the Appendix.

Not to such prayer as here was wont to rise;
That incense of the spirit, undefiled,
Mounting to Heaven, the Christian's sacrifice
To Calvary's victim, Bethlehem's martyr-child.

Woe for such change! the brightly beaming star
Which led the Magi to the Infant blest,
Leaving these skies, o'er other lands, afar,
Shines, the bright day-star of the enlightened west.

Speed, blessed beacon, speed thine onward flight!
Man waits thy coming to earth's farthest zone;
Speed! and dispel the doubly-darkened night
Fallen on the realms where first thy radiance shone.

That night of ages,—its unbroken gloom
Lours o'er the land illumed in days gone by:
Land of the ancient churches! for whose doom,
What eye can fail to weep, what heart to heave a sigh.

But lo! as flies the fleet-winged carrier-dove,
With joyous tidings from a distant clime,
Through gathered gloom, below, around, above,
Faith's pinions pierce the depths of future time.

Bright to our view, glad messenger, she brings
Earth's kingdoms pictured as they yet shall be;

Rejoice! ye nations; shout! ye countless kings,
To read your great and glorious destiny.

That star its all-encircling course hath sped,
And now, illumined in its lambent flame,
Natolia, Syria, wakened from the dead,
Rejoice with trembling in Messiah's name.

Nor these alone; throughout the Indian isles,
From Juan's coast to Java's spicy shore,
Where earth, while one perpetual summer smiles,
Yields from her breast an all-exhaustless store;

From Tartary's tameless tribes, on Asia's plains,
Westward to fair Circassia's sunny sea;
On poor, benighted Afric's broad domains,
Where Nature smiles, and all, save man, is free;

Where Amazonia's boundless billows run;
Where diamonds gleam beneath Brazilia's heaven;
Where dwelt the Incas—children of the sun;
On Andes' sides by earth's convulsions riven;

From Guatemala's lakes to Greenland's sea,
The Christian spirit guides the human soul;
Earth rests redeemed from all idolatry,
And smiles in living light, from pole to pole.

LINES

WRITTEN AT ARDNEOHNCHROCHAN, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Wake! for the morning waketh; sleep
  Is unbefitting such an hour.
Behold! o'er yonder towering steep,
  Light gusheth in a golden shower,
And, streaming far athwart the dell,
Falleth on mountain pinnacle,
Forest and rock and rolling stream,
Which glisten in the effulgent beam.

Harebell and heather, gemmed with dew,
  Sparkle, like diamonds of the plain;
And proud, aspiring Ben Venue
  Rejoices at the morn, again,
And lifts his hoary head on high,
Scaling the precincts of the sky,
As conscious of his giant size
Among the Grampians—his allies.

The pulse of Nature beateth now
More quickly; there's a wakening hum,
And, from yon towering cedar's bough,
The sparrow twitters. Morn has come!
And hark! the viewless wings of air
The notes of Highland music bear;
Rock unto rock, and hill to hill,
Re-echoing, bear them onward still.

From whence those notes? On Loch Achray,
In "tartan coat and bonnet blue,"
Plying his oars at dawn of day,
M'Gregor, child of Rhoderic Dhu,
While Nature yet is scarce awake,
Skims the smooth surface of the lake,
Bends to his task, with sinews strong,
And chaunts his favourite Gaelic song.

Alone, alone and desolate,
As banished Marius sternly sate
In Carthage, 'midst her fallen towers;
Sadly, and sorrowing on his way,
As roamed in Babel, Thalaba,
Companionless, mid ruins grey,
Razed palaces and fallen fanes,
Proudest that rose on Asia's plains—
The land of manna, myrrh and flowers—
So thou, M'Gregor, lonely man!
Liv'st 'midst the ruins of thy clan.

Yet, not a prince in Brunswick's line
  Of royal blood, more proud can be
Of ancestry, than thou of thine;
  Although clan Alpine's towering tree
Is shorn and shivered, rent and riven,
Seared, scathed, as by the fire of heaven,
Yet, cling'st thou to the branches cast
To earth, the victims of the blast.

If, in the mirror of the soul—
  The speaking lineaments of the face,
Those passions which defy control,
  There, brightly imaged, we may trace,
Methinks in thine I see impressed,
Darkest that rankles in thy breast,
Hate, unrelenting, unforgiving,
For those who have lived or are living,
Within whose veins there flows, or flowed,
A drop of Anglo-Saxon blood.

Ha! to my vision rises, now,
  The picture of the vanished past.
I hear the warrior's vengeful vow,
  And the stern trumpet's warning blast.
I mark the scenes of Scotia's feud,
  When blood flowed freely as a river;
When many a maid, in satin snood,
Mourned o'er the beautiful and good,
  The loved and cherished, lost forever.

Where Johnny Groat's borean bowers
  Look down, o'er North Atlantic's tide;
Southward, where old Balclutha's towers
  Frown o'er the rolling waves of Clyde;
Where Hadrian's wall in ruin lies;
Where Skiddaw and Helvellyn rise,
With rock-ribbed summits, to the skies;
Throughout this lovely land, the air
  Rings with the tocsin's dread alarm;
War's torch is lighted, swords are bare,
  And Vengeance lifts his sinewy arm.

Woe! Scotia, woe! where'er I turn,
  Behold some scene of border story;
Here, Bruce and bloody Bannockburn,
  There, Flodden-field still red and gory:
Here Falkirk; there, old Alnwick's siege,
Where Hammond battled for his liege;
Here, Sterling, in her towering pride;
There, carnage on Lock Lomond's side.

The scene is changed—approaching day
  Lifts from the earth night's darkest shroud.
When tempests, with their wild affray,
  Have passed, the sun, in rich array,
Looks out and smiles, the skies are gay,
  Heaven's bow of promise decks the cloud—
The sword is sheathed; peace spreads her wing
  O'er England's, Scotia's vales and mountains,
And friendship, hope, love, gladness spring,

Freely as gush their native fountains,
Where hatred, wrath, revenge arose:
Men, once believing they were foes,
Remember they are friends and brothers,
And seek *their* good in that of others.

Swords rust within their scabbards now;
Revenge forgets his vengeful vow;
Arts flourish, science spreads her wing,
The flowers of faith luxuriant spring,
Virtue extends her empire, and
Religion reigns throughout the land.
Such is the clime, a home to thee,
M'Gregor: many a future day,
Such may it still remain to be,
When thou and I have passed away.

Thy life and mine are like the dews
Which on Ben Ledi thou hast seen—
What! writing still? 'Boots!' bring my shoes;
I'll off to visit Loch Katrine,
And thou, M'Gregor, faithful man,
Though jealous, with the 'snuschen pan'*
And oars alternate in thy hand,
Shall row me from the "silver strand,"
To that fair spot where harebell blue,
White lonicera bathed in dew,
Geranium sweet, and heather wild,
Gay Flora's moor and mountain child,
Smile to the morning's earliest smile,
Among the cliffs of Ellen's Isle.

* See Note B, in the Appendix.

WHAT IS IT TO DIE?

"Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die."

What is it, then, to die, that it should be
Essential to our happiness? It is
To throw off all things worldly, all the dross
That man is heir to, and go forth, again,
Clad in the vestment of immortal life.

O, what is it to die? It is to break
The chrysalis of time, and, born anew,
Open the pinions of the ransomed soul
In atmosphere Elysian. 'Tis to cast
This mortal off for immortality.
It is to leave the sorrows of this world,
As a freed bird, delighted, and to wing
A joyous flight to blessedness. It is
To take a spiritual image and ascend,
Through unknown regions, to unfathomed worlds,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.
'Tis to depart from this precarious scene,

Where life is bounded, and its little span
Measured by moments,—where the material world
Marks transient days and seasons, and to go
Where time has never wandered, where long years
Dwindle to moments, and a moment grows
Into the length of ages; where the past
And future meet, in one eternal present.

O, what is it to die? It is to leave
The few fair forms of nature, fragrant flowers,
Gay fields and verdant meadows, shadowy groves,
Living with vocal music, the deep sea,
And the o'er-arching heavens,—beautiful things,
Yet as a vapour fleeting,—and repose
On the rich couches of the "pastures green,"
Beside the "quiet waters," in a clime
Glowing with flowers perennial, and made glad
With sweetest harmony which knows no end.

And what is it to die? 'Tis to exchange
A transient dwelling for an endless home,
Within that golden city, whose high towers
And jasper ramparts, built on precious gems,
Sapphire and amethyst and others ten,
Of varied hue and beauty, brightly rose
Upon the enraptured view of him who saw
The apocalypse in Patmos.

And what is it to die? 'Tis to begin
The glorious journey of the human soul

Towards infinite perfection; 'tis to leave
The tortures and afflictions that attend
The attributes of time, and, in a state
Of fitting peace and purity, to hail
An everlasting, an unsullied day
Of happiness celestial, where the soul
Shall traverse regions and inhabit realms
Which we had often heard of, but of which
We had no certain knowledge; 'tis to ope
The hidden mysteries of the universe,
And read, in Heaven's high registry, the laws
That govern worlds unnumbered.

Youth and age
Are summoned to the conflict, to commence
This wonderful transition. Potentates—
Kings and their royal kindred of the earth,
Have their uncounted favourites: the beasts,
Prowling the untamed forests for their prey,
Spare the unnumbered forms of insect life;
But Death makes no distinctions.

There was one
Who grew beside me through the early years
Of infancy and childhood; the fresh blood,
Which coursed unchecked within his youthful veins,
Sprang from a kindred fountain, and our steps
Through ripening boyhood—whether by the stream,
Playing with bubbling waters—on the lawn,
Chasing the butterfly from flower to flower—
In the thick wood, throwing, with unskilled hand,

The winged arrow from the bended bow,
Or in the hall where the young student gleans
The alphabet of knowledge, were, alike,
In the same path.

The dawn of manhood came,
With its unbounded hopes, its many joys
Rising in prospect, its enchanting dreams,
Frail as a woof of gossamer, though bright
As the Chaldean's paradise.

'Twas done,—
Life's thread was broken, and the manly boy
Was called from earth and its delusive things,
To seek a heavenly mansion. His young heart
Was moulded unto virtue, and his soul
Remained undimmed, untarnished by the world.
Autumn's first breezes, with a withering breath,
Blew o'er the fields of summer: earth's bright flowers,
The beautiful, that gave delight to hearts
And buoyancy to spirits, all proclaimed
A dying season and a waning year.
He withered with the bloom of nature, died
With summer's beauty, and as calmly, too.
The earthly shrine of the departing soul
Was hushed in death-like calmness, and he slept,
As if o'ershadowed by an angel's wing,
When the delighted spirit bade adieu
To mortal bondage, and commenced its flight
Up to its Giver, there to find a home
Immutable, immortal, undefiled.

COME YE TO THE WATERS.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
"And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Joy for the blessed promise! life immortal
Glows through its numbers, with unclouded light,
And Heaven's eternal walls and golden portal
Rise into prospect on the enraptured sight.

Come to the waters! though thy heart be gushing
With childhood's spirits, unrepressed by pain,
And the fresh tide of life be freely rushing,
Like mountain streamlets, through the youthful vein.

Come to the shores of Zion's hallowed river!
While life is bright with innocence and truth;
Turn from earth's blessings to their bounteous Giver,
Drink of the fount and know eternal youth!

Come to the waters! thou whose locks are hoary—
Thou patriarch sire, whose woes will soon be o'er;
Turn from the earth and seek unfading glory;
Drink of the waters! drink and thirst no more!

Child of affliction, in the weeds of mourning,
With spirit heaving in unceasing throes,
Come where the lamp of life is ever burning,
Drink at the heavenly stream, and end thy woes!

Come to the waters! to the crystal fountain,
Purer than that which followed Moses' rod;
The stream of Life, from Zion's holy mountain,
Fast by the ever-glorious throne of God!

Come to the waters! though life's path be dreary,
And earth's allurements no delight can give;
Lay down thy burthen, traveller, worn and weary,
Lay down the oppressive burthen, drink and live!

Lo! the lone wanderer, as he sadly traces
The lengthening sands on Lybia's burning waste,
Exults in joy, to find a green oasis,
Springs to the sparkling pool, and stoops to taste.

Thus, on life's path, the oases of the spirit
Cheer the sad pilgrim toward his heavenly goal,
Whither he gladly hastens, to inherit
The glorious mansions of the ransomed soul.

Ends of the earth, ho! come ye to the waters!
Give up, thou East, and hold not back, thou West!
Princes and peasants, parents, sons and daughters,
Approach, partake, and find eternal rest!

SOLILOQUY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

'Tis nearly past—this fitful dream
  Whose phantoms gladden to deceive,
Like glittering bubbles on the stream,
  Or meteors in a summer eve;
And now, half-opening to my sight,
I see the realms of endless light.

These feeble pulses speak of death;
  This clouded vision bids me look,
With the undaunted eye of faith,
  To climes for which Elijah took,
From Carmel's height, his joyous way;
Translated to eternal day.

The blood which, in my childhood, rushed
  Like mountain torrents in the isles
Where earth with constant life is flushed,
  And everlasting summer smiles,
Now struggles, in its sluggish flow,
Like streams through Greenland's banks of snow.

Yet not all frozen; if a beam
  Of light return from earlier years;
If, from the spell of childhood's dream,
  Triumphant over grief and tears,
One bright, enchanting moment come,
Like a lost loved-one welcomed home,

The loosened current, warmed anew,
  Hurries along these frigid veins,
As the hot geyser rushes through
  The frozen banks on Iceland's plains;
And, all forgetful of my years,
I yield, again, to child-like tears.

Go: tell me not of loving earth;
  Tell me not life is fraught with joy;
Say not this world has given birth
  To happiness without alloy:
Too subtile is the spirit's bliss
To stay in atmosphere like this.

There's not a pang that rends the heart,
  In the long catalogue of woe,
Of which I have not shared a part,
  In this, my pilgrimage below:
I've quaffed at sorrow's bitter cup,
And drank its turbid waters up.

And now I wish to lay me down,
  My mother Earth, upon thy breast,
Where the green turf, with flowers o'ergrown,
  Shall flourish o'er my couch of rest.

Gladly would I resign this trust,
And dust consign to native dust.

Why should I not? my former friends
  Have fallen around me, one by one,
As fall the leaves when autumn sends
  His breezes through the forest dun.
The grave has garnered all my love,
Why, why remain its walls above?

Here do I stand alone—alone,
  As stands the stern and sturdy oak,
When all its forest-frères are gone,
  Before the lightning's fatal stroke,
Or wintry tempest sweeping by,
With the leagued legions of the sky.

Then speed thou home, my wearied soul,
  On angel-pinions! bend thine eye,
Undimmed, upon the glorious goal
  That waits thy coming in the sky!
Ho! for the waters that arise
At Zion's foot, in Paradise.

There shalt thou lift thy spirit-tongue
  In praises that thy bonds are riven,
As, by the fountain, Miriam sung
  Hosannahs to the God of Heaven,
When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Departed for the promised land.

AMBITION.

What is ambition? 'tis an inward power
Working in silence, but with giant strength,
In the aspiring bosom, kindling there,
In its recesses, an undying flame
That shall consume its tenant, and remain
Quenchless as are the burning stars of heaven.

What is ambition? Search the human heart
With a close scrutiny, and ye shall find
It is a deathless passion, planted there
By the Eternal Power of Life and Light.
In its primeval nature it was pure,
Taking the semblance of the holy fount
In which it had existence, and alone
Directed its impelling energy
To works of virtue; but, corrupted, now,
By the first deed that stained mankind with guilt,
Its tendency perverted, it too oft
Prompts and directs to those detested deeds
Which render history's records tales of blood.
Aye, 'tis a deathless passion, which doth wield,

O'er the mind's kingdom, with a regal hand,
A despot's powerful sceptre. Bending low,
In sad servility, the heart's strong ties,
Its sympathies and passions all submit
To proud Ambition's autocratic power,
Like loyal subjects to a monarch's sway.

And yet, what is Ambition? Hast thou not
Felt, in thy heart, its spirit-stirring call
Urging thee madly onward, guiding thee
Toward the high temple of immortal fame,
And pointing to that ever-quenchless light,
The polar-star of glory?

Thou hast felt
Its power impelling thee to noble deeds,
And proud achievements: strengthened by its aid,
Thou hast resolved on greatness, and hast taught
Thy heart to tire not, till the meed of fame,
The fadeless wreath of honour, shall be thine.

What is Ambition? what are its effects?
Ask ye the fallen Corsican, whose tread,
As with the magic of a sorcerer's wand,
Brought warriors, countless as the ocean-sands,
Quickly into existence; ask ye him!
His was an awful conflict, a severe
And deadly struggle of Ambition's power,
Against the world and his own destiny.

What is ambition? he who played the child,
And wept for worlds to conquer—he whose tread
Shook trembling Egypt to her utmost shores—
He who, presumptuous, sought to chain the waves
Of ocean with his shackles—and, no less,
The haughty, pampered monarch of the north,
Who bade the foaming surge its course to check,
Making to him obeisance,—these, and all
'Who play fantastic tricks before high Heaven,'
May answer the inquiry; ask ye them.

What is ambition's guerdon? ye may find
Its victims in all ages, and their fate
Attests to this; its chief reward is—death!

I had a school-mate in whose manly heart,
Thickly and rankly sprang the aspiring shoots
Of unrepressed ambition. In his youth,
Before two lustres in the expanding mind
Had raised maturity's first germ, he knelt
Before the shrine of knowledge, and his soul
Was all-absorbed with one intense desire
To climb the heights of science,—to explore
The untold mysteries that lie involved
In Nature's devious labyrinth, and raise
His gifted intellect to that high sphere
For which its powers seemed destined.

Seasons passed,
And the boy sat before me; riper years

Had given a manly beauty to his form;
And his expanded forehead, which bespoke
The power within, was knit in abstract thought.
He sat reclining in a time-worn chair,
In his pent closet, at the midnight hour;
And there he thus soliloquized:—

O! 'tis a toilsome way,
And dark despair seems hovering o'er my soul;
Yet must I struggle, many a weary day,
To gain the distant goal.

O! for the tireless mind
Of him who, once, on ancient Grecia's shore,
Declaimed where ocean's billows and the wind
Joined their tumultuous roar.

O! for the giant soul
And angel-intellect of him who trod
The depths of heaven, and saw the planets roll;
Among mankind a god!

If the expiring lamp,
Which sees the daylight to the orient steal
With rosy footsteps, on my mind can stamp
Undying wisdom's seal,

Then, then it shall be done,
And life shall yield its highest, holiest zest;
The lofty summit of my hopes be won,
My fondest wishes blest.

Such was his brief soliloquy: a tome
Of classic learning on his table lay,
And, though the silent watches of the night
Were gathered round him, to that lore he turned,
And, as a wanderer on the desert waste
Drinks at the crystal fountain, so drank he
Draughts of refreshing knowledge.

Through long years
Thus knelt he to his idol, with a zeal
Strong and enthusiastic:—thus far, well.—
But the deep spirit of his sunken eye,
And the wan aspect of his hollow cheek,
Revealed a tale of sorrow. In his heart—
Even at the very fountain-head of life,
A fell disease, as with a quenchless thirst,
Drank, like a raging vampyre; and his soul,
Rich with a fund of intellectual stores,
Seemed yearning to commence its viewless flight
Up to its ever-blessed giver, God.

A third time I looked on him. Summer came
With all its wonted loveliness; the earth
Smiled in its robe of flowers, and the air,
In mellow gales, came grateful to the brow,
Bearing aroma on its balmy wings.
But where was he—the student?

On a couch
Where Death had marked a victim, I beheld
His pallid form extended; in his veins,

A fiery fever burned the coursing blood,
And his once glowing brilliancy of eye
Had all departed; life was ebbing fast.
He spoke:—

Come hither, sister mine!
Thou who hast cheered my path in days gone by,
And let me place my faltering hand in thine,
Once more, before I die.

A gentle tread was heard upon the floor,
And the girl sought the bedside where he lay
Whom, with a child's devotion, she still loved.
O! 'twas a bitter conflict, and her heart,
Swollen to fulness, overflowed in tears,
As within hers he placed his hand and spoke:—

Sister, mourn not for me;
My course is finished and my errand done,
And the last current from life's ebbing sea
Will soon, aye, soon be run.

And O! that I could die
When close the dewy petals of the flower,
Like him of Greece, in time now long gone by,
At sunset's silent hour.

Smooth, smooth this haggard brow,
And quench the fever of this burning brain!
Thou who wast e'er a minist'ring angel, now
Allay this death-like pain!

I did not think to give
My being up, ere yet in manhood's prime;
I did not deem that I was not to live
Half man's allotted time.

But, sister, Heaven is just;
And freely all life's joys I can release,
And, placing in the God of Life my trust,
Can die, yes! die in peace.

Here his tongue faltered, and his pallid hand
Fell powerless to the couch.
"The silver cord"
Was loosed, the "pitcher" and the "golden bowl"
Had both been "broken," while the spirit, freed
From its worn tenement, had soared away
To the bright regions of unclouded bliss.

THE DEPARTED YEAR, 1839.

Departed year! the voice is hushed
That charmed thee on thy winged way,
And hearts with joy and pleasure flushed
Have seen thee wasting in decay,
And felt a sadness o'er them steal,
Which the lone soul is wont to feel.

The young, the gay, the buoyant heart
Checks its free lightness at this hour,
And memory's sacred visions start,
With an ungovernable power,
Before the spirit: man looks back,
To trace life's ever-changeful track.

Since rosy spring came forth in flowers,
With gladness beaming on her brow,
Time has rushed swiftly on, the hours
Unheeded flown; where are they now?
Seek ye an answer? look upon
The desolation they have done.

The well-beloved and beautiful,
For whom it were a joy to weep,
Are laid where sighing winds shall lull
The rank grass o'er their couch of sleep:
There, nought of earth shall e'er destroy
The quietude which they enjoy.

Earth has released her lovely;—they
Have gone, like flowers, to their repose;
Pale, chill disease and cold decay
Have stolen, as o'er the summer rose,
Upon them, and their kindred turn
To weep above the mouldering urn.

Earth has given up her young; like dew
They shone in life's first, morning ray,
Then, like that exhalation, flew
To climes as pure and bright as they;
Before the world's corrupting things
Had stained the soul, or checked its wings.

The aged, too, are gone, whose locks
Were whitened by the snows of years;
Whose hearts had long sustained the shocks
Of human woe and grief and tears;
Yes, they have gone, the good, the blest,
To mansions of eternal rest.

Such is our lot; though man may boast
Gems rich and beautiful to-day,
Ere dawns to-morrow they are lost,
Like summer glories passed away.

The fair, the lovely bend the knee,
And all acknowledge Death's decree.

And what is man? to-day he hath
  A place upon the page of story,
And thousands join to strew his path
  With flowers of fame and wreaths of glory;
The laurel decks his lordly brow,
And mortals at his presence bow.

To-morrow dawns:—the trump of Fame
  Has hushed the sound with which it rung;
His worshippers are changed, his name
  Dies, like an echo, on the tongue,
Forgotten; but it shall not be
Thus changeful in eternity.

No: in the world beyond the tomb,
  Eternal joy, eternal love,
Eternal bliss forever bloom—
  The flowers of paradise above;
Change hath not found that region fair;
Mutation hath not wandered there.

THE WINDS.

"Ye winds!
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say;
Where your aerial magazines reserved
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?"

We have played a brisk frolic round Ægean Isles,
Where the fairy of summer perpetual smiles;
We have climbed the cold brow of the Himmaleh hills,
Where the cloud, ere it falls, into ice-mountains chills;
We have swept from the Alpine heights, down, on the gale,
The iron-ribbed avalanche, foe to the vale;
We have leaped round the Maelstroom rock, fearless, in glee,
And have fed Heckla's lava-fires, far o'er the sea.
Cold over Greenland's hills, chilled with her snow,
We have led the bold traveller to vallies below;
We have rocked the huge ice-arches over the pole,
Made the iced adamant thundering roll,
Sung to the exile on Siber's cold steep,
And lulled him, with music, in innocent sleep.

On the rocks of old Ocean, away in the west,
We have piled, for the sea-bird, her sea-weedy nest;
O'er the waste of Zahara, a fiery blast,
On the crown of the sand-billow, swiftly we've passed;
We have waved the palmetto on Indian isles,
Kindled the fires of their funeral piles,
Caused the lithe sugar-cane gently to wave,
Swept the thick sweat from the brow of the slave,
Traced every distant land over the earth,
And wilt thou, man, question the place of our birth?
We have rushed north and south, we have rushed
east and west,
And, presumptuous, thou askest the place of our rest.
Earth can boast not the land where our first herald
rose;
She has seen not the clime where we seek our
repose.
True, the heathen aver, and the bards of old times,
That our King made his dwelling in orient climes;
That he ruled on the sunny, Æolian isles,
In winter with frowns, and in summer with smiles.
But, alas! man has trespassed o'er truth's stable
bounds,
For he knows not, has seen not, our revelry grounds.
A proud temple we've built, where the rude gaze of
man
Has ne'er entered, its structure to tarnish or scan;
'Tis a palace of air, reared away in the sky,
Where, "hushed in deep silence," we slumber and
lie.

THANKSGIVING.

Eternal God! before thy throne,
We bow the neck and bend the knee
To Thee, who, ere the world was known,
Filled, with thyself, immensity.

For Thou hast deigned, Almighty Power!
In mercy, from thy throne above,
To shield this being of an hour,
With thy broad panoply of love.

Still, in thy sufferance, Time rolls on
His chariot, through the vaulted blue,
And earth is bright, as at the dawn
Of her first morn, when life was new.

Thou speakest,—earth comes forth, in flowers,
Joyous, as if for jubilee;
The wint'ry storm, the summer showers
Derive their origin from Thee.

By Thee the earth is filled with life,
When spring begins her glad career;
By Thee the heavens, in splendour rife,
Glow brightly on the smiling year.

Then wilt thou deign to shield this worm,
That lives and moves alone by thee?
This feverish, frail, and erring form,
A speck amidst infinity!

As thou hast blest, thou still wilt bless,
When man is humble, meek, sincere,
And the heart's unfeigned holiness
Rises from faith, unawed by fear.

Then, mighty God! before thy throne,
We bow the neck and bend the knee
To Thee, who, ere the world was known,
Filled, with thyself, immensity.

THE DOUBLE PICTURE.

I looked abroad upon the earth,
In summer's brightest robe arrayed,
Its thousand springs where life has birth,
Its varied hues of light and shade;
Upon the hills and vallies green,
And the blue concave of the sky,
And, gazing on the glorious scene,
Exclaimed, 'Alas! that man should die.

That these warm pulses should be chilled,
This lamp of life resign its flame,
These forms, with animation filled,
Return to dust from whence they came;
And, when a few short years are o'er,
These ardent bosoms, beating high
In hope and gladness, beat no more;
Alas! alas! that man should die.'

I saw a young and lovely boy,
Gifted in mind and fair in form;
His features redolent of joy,
His heart with life's first impulse warm.

But, gazing on his face, so bland,
And the bright lustre of his eye,
I pressed my aching forehead, and
Exclaimed, 'Alas! that man should die.

That he—the beautiful in form—
In God's majestic image made,
With youth, and life, and passion warm,
Should lie beneath the cypress-shade;
That childhood's dream should be so fleet;
That joy should pass, and beauty fly,
And Death usurp Life's regal seat—
Alas! alas! that man should die.'

Beside the holy altar stood,
With glowing cheek, a fair young bride,
And he, her chosen one and good,
In manly beauty at her side.
My spirit knew that death must come,
To break their friendship's hallowed tie,
And, in a momentary gloom,
It whispered, 'O! that man should die;—

Die, and this beauteous world resign,
For the cold precincts of the tomb;
Die, and affection's light divine
Exchange, for dim sepulchral gloom;
Die, never more to wander where
Bright waters hymn their minstrelsy
Upon the aromatic air;
Alas! alas! that man should die!'

The scene was changed: I looked where pain
  Racked every nerve on torture's wheel,
And, through each swollen and feverish vein,
  Ran the red blood, with pangs of steel.
I saw the tears in anguish shed;
  I listened to the groan, the sigh,
And, in my sorrowing heart, I said
  'O! what a blessing 'tis to die!

To die, with autumn's yellow leaf,
  And seek the spirit's final home,
Where cankering care, corroding grief,
  Sickness and death can never come.
To die, as flowers, whose essence springs
  On the fresh breeze that bathes the sky;
To die and take angelic wings;
  How great a blessing 'tis to die!'

Looking within the prison door,
  I saw a fellow mortal there,
Chained to the dank and noisome floor,
  All desolate in his despair.
I saw the maniac's vacant stare,
  Heard the wild accents of his cry,
And, marking reason's ruin there,
  Exclaimed 'It is a bliss to die!

Each prison-gate is opened then;
  Each captive spirit then is free;
And, all redeemed, the sons of men
  Unite in song and jubilee.

"Best reason's reason" then resumes
Its native home, beyond the sky,
And, through successive ages, blooms;—
The flower of Life that ne'er shall die.'

I gazed upon decrepit age,
On the blind beggar with his dog,
On griefs which time could ne'er assuage,
On vices which the spirit clog;
And, sick at heart, I turned away,
To heave, alone, the unbidden sigh,
And bless the advent of that day
When 'twas decreed that man should die:

That he should cast away the chains
Which bind him to this world of woe,
And rise where, on Elysian plains,
The ransomed soul no grief shall know.
O! 'twere an enviable lot
To claim a mansion in the sky;
God of our fathers! is it not
A doubly-blessed thing to die?

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

"Other individuals may, but the enlightened student of Nature never can, forget the Omnipresence of the Deity."

He sees Him in the wintry cloud
That crowns the icy hill,
And feels that, when the storm is loud,
'Tis He says 'Be thou still.'

When all is wakening into birth—
When life springs everywhere,
He looks upon the joyous earth,
And feels that God is there.

The lofty mountains, lifting high
Their everlasting rocks
And pillared summits, that defy
Time's devastating shocks,—

These breathe a spirit-stirring tone
Upon his listening ear;—
'Be silent, as before His throne;
Be silent! God is near!'

The boundless ocean, with its waves
  Deep heaving and sublime,
Its coral groves and crystal caves
  That mock the waste of time;—

Its thundering billows, as they roll
  And dash upon the strand,
Speak of a God unto his soul,
  In tones sublimely grand.

He feels Him near, the Almighty One
  Who made immensity,
And hung the life-sustaining sun
  In yonder arching sky.

Mountains and oceans—'tis not they
  Alone that speak His fame:
Each silvery stream, from day to day,
  Is murmuring His name.

Earth's poetry,—the thousand flowers
  Which beautify the sod,
Unite their strong though silent powers,
  In glorifying God.

The forest monarchs, giant trees,
  Earth's foliage and theirs,
Breathe, in unspoken melodies,
  The honour that He bears.

The birds, that climb with lofty wing,
  Unite, in music's tone,
With every other living thing,
  A ruling God to own.

Then thou, my soul! in concord join,
  The tribute just to raise,
Unto His glorious name divine,
  Of everlasting praise!

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

STROPHÉ.

Away! and let me weep
For the lost loved one, gone, in life's fresh bloom,
As a rose plucked at noontide hour, to sleep
Low in the voiceless tomb.

ANTISTROPHÉ.

Gone where the spirit's eye shall never slumber,
And the freed soul, redeemed from every clod,
Shall join angelic hosts, a countless number,
To sing hosannahs to the living God.

STROPHÉ.

Gone from the gay, green earth;
Gone from the gladness of the festive hall;
Gone from the meads, where flowrets spring to birth
When Flora's footsteps fall.

ANTISTROPHÉ.

Gone to the glorious paradise of Heaven—
The realms unshadowed by the clouds of gloom,
Where to green fields and blushing flowers is given
The mystic virtue of perennial bloom.

STROPHÉ.

Gone from her sister's side;
Gone from the fond affections of a mother;
Gone from a father's love, both true and tried;
Gone from a mourning brother.

ANTISTROPHÉ.

Gone where affection's ties are never broken,
And joy continues, unbedimmed by tears,
Where peace abides, and love's undying token
Rises, like incense, through eternal years.

STROPHÉ.

Gone from the social hearth;
Gone from the altars of domestic bliss;
Gone, with a heart that threw the charm of worth
O'er such a world as this.

ANTISTROPHÉ.

Gone, on the shores of Zion's hallowed river,
Where love is pure and passion ends its strife,
To sing, with saints and cherubim, forever,
Anthems of glory to the Lamb of Life.

STROPHÉ.

Woe for the vacant chair!
Woe for the fireside, desolate and lone!
Woe for the death-like silence, everywhere,
Where'er her gladness shone!

ANTISTROPHÉ.

Joy! that, by mercy of the Power supernal,—
The Child of Bethlehem who on Calvary died,
Hers is a mansion, fadeless and eternal,
With angel hosts and saints beatified.

STROPHÉ.

Sister! return—return!
Restore the link in friendship's broken chain!
O! how the bosom's fondest passions yearn
To greet thee here again.

ANTISTROPHÉ.

In cœlo quies;—there, in peace reposing,
Rest thee, my sister, in the spirit land!
Till, earthly shadows on their vision closing,
Thy kindred spirits by thy side shall stand.

TO THE OCEAN.

Fathomless, boundless Ocean! mighty Sea!
Surrounding earth with an unmeasured waste
Of ever-rolling waters, stationed there
Imperishably by the powerful hand
Of an Almighty Maker! I have looked
Upon thee, and a strange, mysterious awe
Came rushing o'er my spirit, as the wings
Of the unfettered tempest, in their flight,
Sweep o'er the earth in darkness. I am lost
While musing on thy greatness! thou art *there*,
Aye, *there*, forever! in thy majesty,
Heaving in ceaseless billows; making, still,
Companionship with every gentle breeze,
And the swift-winged tornado; they with thee
Are revellers, in darkness and in light,
To earth's remotest regions. With the rocks,
Earth's everlasting butments, thou dost hold
High and exalting converse! I have seen
Thy mountain-surges breaking audibly
Around them, thou illimitable sea!

What dost thou witness, Ocean, as, alone,
Thou walk'st the wide world weariless? all climes
Know thy familiar footsteps: thou hast been
Where the ice-temples of the rugged north
Rise to the frigid heavens, glittering, there,
Like palaces of crystal: and, again,
Thou hast lain slumbering on the sunny shores
Of oriental regions, where the wind
Steals o'er thee, imperceptibly and soft
As the light breath of summer; where the palm
And citron grow in beauty, and the dew—
The balmy dew of an Egyptian morn—
Rests upon groves of orange. The high rocks
That proudly rise on Aleouski's shore,
Have echoed at thy presence, when thy waves
Rushed through their midnight caverns, with a voice
That is thine own, thou undulating sea!

And thou hast journeyed where the Emerald isle
Is clad with meadows, bright and beautiful
As fancy's fairest visions.
Ocean's queen
Has felt thee raging, in regardless pride,
Around her shores, in very mockery
Of her assumed importance.
On the shore
Of injured Congo, o'er the glittering sands,
Thou hast gone up exulting, there to roll
And ripple in the sunbeams. Greenland's coast
Has trembled, when thy pillared palaces,

That rise into the heavens, have gone forth,
Driven by the fierce tornado; and the child,
In admiration lost, has paused to gaze
On the ten thousand phosphorescent gems
That deck thy bosom, where the Ægean lies,
Or the blue waves of Adriatic sleep.*

Thou Sea, primeval and eternal! thou could'st tell
Secrets of olden ages; thou could'st speak
Of Argonautic boldness, and reveal
The wonders of the unnumbered Persian hosts
That sped to Marathon and Salamis!

Often, in later years, hast thou beheld,
While gently bathing the Cycladian shores,
Or the stern cliffs of Scio, many a soul
Of the Hellenic warriors, loosed from earth
By Moslem wrath and fury: and, O! Sea!
Thou, with thy listening waves, was present, still,
When Scio's maiden wandered on the shore,
To weep for one departed, for the brave
And beautiful who plighted unto her
His rich heart's full affection. On the strand
Thou hast beheld her kneeling, with a heart
Subdued by its emotions, and hast heard
The pure prayer of her spirit, stealing up,
Like incense from the altar, and poured forth,
In supplicating accents, as a plea
Of retribution to the Christian's God.

* See note C in the Appendix.

And could'st thou not, old Ocean! even thou,
Weep, with thy briny waters, to behold
The unbridled wrath of unregenerate man?
Tireless and chainless Ocean! bounding now,
As in thy youth's first gambols, all unknown
To the decay of Nature, and the touch—
The palsying touch of Time, O! speed thou on!
For, time shall come when thou shalt gather up
Thy ever-wandering waters, with a sound
Like the death-dirge of Nature, and go home,
To an eternal slumber, in the realms
Of infinite oblivion. Then, on earth,
There shall be "no more sea."

THRICE ARE WE BLEST.

"All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,
Much to be grateful for."

Thrice are we blest; we thank thee, O! our Father!
For thy new mercies every opening day;
And countless blessings which profusely gather
Around our paths, in life's progressive way.

For glorious spring, when life abroad is flushing,
From mountain-top to every verdant plain,
And loosened streams through flowery meads are rushing,
Like life's warm current through the youthful vein.

For earth's gay beauty in the summer given—
Her thousand flowers that beautify the sod,
And smile, responsive to the smile of heaven;
For these, and more, we thank thee, O! our God!

When spring is past, and summer, with its blossom,
And mourning Autumn weeps above their bier,
Earth opes the stores of her prolific bosom,
And crowns with plenty the decaying year.

If winter frowns, with frozen locks and hoary,
Mind throws a charm o'er such a world as this,
From all its treasures in the page of story,
The social circle, and domestic bliss.

For all these blessings, mortal!—nay, immortal—
Man! bound to earth, but hastening to the skies,
Open thy bosom's adamantine portal,
And let the incense of thy heart arise!

Rise, from a broken spirit's hallowed altar,
In grateful praise to Him who gives us all,
Him who confirms the feeble knees that falter,
And saves the contrite-hearted, prone to fall.

Nor these alone: the grateful heart will render,
Like sweetest odour from the spice's bloom,
Its tribute for the soul's emotions, tender,
Which cheer earth's pilgrim onward to the tomb;—

A sister's pure affection, and a brother's,—
Those stars which shine life's early pathway o'er;
A father's love unchanging, and a mother's
Undying passion for the child she bore.

We thank thee, Father! at thy altar bending,
For saving grace upon the spirit shed,
From the free fountain of thy love descending,
As came the dove upon the Saviour's head.

Thy ransomed children, doomed so long to wander,
Praised thee when fed where Horeb's waters roll,
But *we* should praise with purer hearts and fonder,
Thou giv'st to *us* the manna of the soul.

RETROSPECTION.

When, o'er the waste of by-gone days,
  Fond memory wanders back,
What bright mementos meet its gaze,
  Along that chequered track!

Hopes, cherished hopes—the dreams of youth,
  When life was in its pride,
Come brightly back, to tell the truth
  That, ere enjoyed, they died.

Joys, early joys, come startling up,
  Mirrored in Fancy's view,
Telling how full was pleasure's cup,
  When life to us was new.

And youthful friends, whose presence cast
  A heavenly halo o'er
The shadows of the vanished past,
  Are called to life once more.

They who, in childhood's sunny morn,
  Enwreathed their hearts with ours,
And, plucking from life's path the thorn,
  Strewed never-dying flowers.

How fondly cherished still are they!
Their names—how bright they shine
On memory's page, without decay
'Sin' auld lang syne!'

Where are they now? adown the sea
Of life they're hurrying fast,
Their bonny boats all merrily
Careering with the blast.

But no! in yon sequestered spot,
Where the lone yew-tree waves,
Where thousands sleep, and sleep forgot,
Behold those recent graves!

And whose are they? the heart must own,
And, owning, freely weep,
That low beneath the chisseled stone,
The friends of childhood sleep.

Gone, like spring's early flowers, before
The sun of summer rose,
Leaving their friends to sorrow o'er
The couch of their repose.

Then scatter flowers, unfading flowers,
Upon the new-made mound
Of those whose hearts, in childhood's hours,
In love with ours were bound!

Yes! amaranthine flowrets bring,
And, on this sacred shrine,
Bestow them, as an offering
To love and auld lang syne!

ANGELINA.

'Twas evening, and the bland and balmy air
Came to the forehead with a grateful touch,
Freshened by early dews. The forest trees,
Mountain and valley, and the quiet lake,
The blooming gardens and the verdant meads,
Rested beneath the canopy of heaven,
Bathed in a flood of silvery radiance.

The lattice was upraised, and rich festoons
Of clustering roses, with clematis twined,
Bent from the time-worn gothic colonnade,
Profusely to the window, where the light,
Struggling between the foliage and flowers,
Passed, with the freshness of the gentle gale,
Into an antique hall. There, tapestry
And matchless labours of the masters old—
Raphael and Guido—looking from the walls,
Now hung in shade and solitude.
One heart,
Alone, was beating with full pulses there.
Before the low and lifted lattice sat

The peerless Angelina. Hebe's lip,
And the bright lustre of a beaming eye,
The chaste, symmetric beauty of a form
Matching the Medicean Venus,—these,
With auburn locks o'ershadowing her neck,
In Georgian luxuriance—these were hers.

Life was, to her, a paradise. She saw
The earth and the far spreading Universe
In their attractive vesture, and her heart,
Untaught in sorrow's spirit-tempering school,
Took from their hue a colouring. Profuse
The unchecked current of affection ran
Toward all around her, whether forms of life
Or things inanimate; for mind, enthralled
In its decaying tenement, may trace
The impress of an All-creative hand,
In each material form, and hence may learn
To gaze in admiration and in love.
Filled with the rapture which the scene inspired,
She took her harp and chaunted to its tones.

'Spirit of the dewy eve!
Monarch of the moon-lit night!
Round whose brow bright garlands weave
Fairy form and airy sprite;

From the brightness of thy home,
Silvery sheen and radiant ray
Through surrounding ether come,
Making night as bright as day.

Monarch of the moon-lit night!
  Pure as crystal, round thy throne,
Lie the heavens in azure light,
  As a cloud were never known.

Image of this youthful breast!
  Where the clouds of grief or care
Never broke its hallowed rest—
  Never dimmed the brightness there.

See the surface of the lake—
  Mirror of the ambient sky!
Where no ripple dares to break
  The water's deep tranquillity.

Semblance of a quiet mind!
  Type of inward peace benign,
Such as innocence can find;—
  Rest and peace like these be mine!

Fragrance of a thousand flowers
  Cometh on the winged air,
Speaking of the summer bowers,
  Shedding their aroma there.

Bright and beautiful indeed,
  Earth around and heaven above!
Nature! take a trifling meed,
  Take thy child's devoted love!'

Time worketh wondrous changes. Passing years,
Though few and brief, possess inherent power,
Potent as that awarded to the stone
Of the old alchymists. They hasten youth
Into maturer womanhood; they give
A brighter lustre to the beaming eye,
Fairer proportions to the moulded form
Of Helenéan beauty, and impart
A deeper current to the fervent stream
Of the unsealed affections.

Is this all?
The mournful history of her who played,
In her heart's fulness, on the breathing harp,
Revealed a fatal answer.
She had drunk
Deeply of sorrow's sedimental cup;
Joy's fountains at their sources had been sealed;
And O! her pure affection—it was crushed
And trampled on, as an unhallowed thing.

Peace, health, had flown; life's crimson current flowed
In an unwonted lethargy. That eye,
Robbed of its heavenly purity and light—
The flickering hectic of a burning cheek—
The boding tremor of a pallid lip—
And more, the aspect of a broken heart
And of a contrite spirit,—these were hers.

The gathering shadows of another night,
Lovely as that a few brief summers since,
Fell o'er the living landscape; there, the lake,
The opened lattice and the blossomed flowers
Were as they had been formerly, the same
As if time left no vestige of its course:
All but the harp and her who gave it life;
These were *not* there.

The drapery's heavy folds
Fell round the couch and o'er the windows dim
Of a remote apartment; there, with none,
Save a loved sister and the Word of Life,
Sat the changed Angelina. Holy thoughts
And heavenly meditations now were hers.

Meekly, beside her bed,
She knelt, and, throwing back her clustering hair,
Before the Saviour who on Calvary bled,
She poured her soul in prayer.

'God of the wretched! thou
Who soothes the heart and dries the mourner's tear,
Contrite in spirit, let thy servant bow,
And deign, O! deign to hear!

If one ungodly thought,
One worldly wish, or one alloyed desire
Be mine, O! let me in thy school be taught,
And cleanse my soul with fire!

On thee my hope is stayed—
Thee, who thyself a ransom gave for me!
Sustain my spirit, let it, undismayed,
Still cling to life in thee!'

Time's greatest changes may be briefly told:
The summer sped, the autumn came and passed,
And the tempestuous winter; and, when spring
Shed the fresh fragrance of its new-born flowers,
Her worn and wearied spirit, disenthralled,
In full assurance of eternal bliss,
Commenced its heavenward flight.
Yon blooming rose
Now marks the mound where Angelina sleeps!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The brightest and the loveliest flower
  Fades soonest from the admiring sight;
Heaven's beauteous bow, in summer's shower,
  But for a moment gives delight.

The diamond dew-drop of the even,
  Melts quickly in the morning sky;
Dense clouds obscure the brightest heaven,—
  And thus the loved and lovely die!

And thou art gone; the funeral knell
  Hath tolled thy exit from the earth,
E'er ripening years could fully tell
  Thy growing virtues, and thy worth.

Full hearts there are, at feeling's shrine,
  Melting in sorrow o'er thy bier,
That thus a spark of life divine
  Should end, on earth, its brief career.

We mourn that virtues, such as those
  Whose infant germs began to bloom
Within thy bosom, thus should close,—
  Thus early pass beyond the tomb.

Fondly we hopèd that thou might live,
Till Truth its ripeness should impart,
And thou, by growth in grace, should give
Joy to a tender mother's heart.

But withered, as a blighted tree,
Those fondly cherished hopes have fled,
And nothing, save thy memory,
Remains to us, thou early dead!

Yet, through the mercy, kindness, love
Of Him whose advent ushered in
The Christian's faith, which points above
A world debased by guilt and sin,

Our hopes for thee on Heaven we rest,—
Hopes of a higher, holier aim,
Not the vain phantoms of the breast,
Which vanish, as the meteor's flame.

Then fare thee well; though early gone,
Ere life's young rosebud burst in bloom,
To sleep, till Heaven's great day shall dawn
Upon the darkness of the tomb;

Although a father's, mother's tears
Are shed above thy mouldering urn;
Although a grandsire, ripe in years,
And e'en an elder patriarch turn,

To weep, in anguish, o'er the name
Of one so near their hearts allied,
And who, like Judah's king, exclaim,
"O! that for thee *we* could have died;"

Yet, from its high and heavenward track,
Beyond the bounds of time and pain,
We would not wish thy spirit back,
Robed in mortality again.

For thine are Heaven's rich treasures; thine
The bliss to walk through "pastures green,"
Where other light than light divine
Of God's own presence, ne'er hath been.

Our loss to thee is endless gain,—
The sorrows of a world like this,
Its cares, afflictions, woes and pain,
Are strangers in thy home of bliss.

Our griefs, temptations, tortures, tears,—
Our passions' unremitting strife,
Are all unknown in Heavenly spheres—
The spheres of everlasting life.

Then, since thou hast been called away,
By Him whose goodness is supreme,
Since thine is an eternal day,
Where life is not a transient dream,—

Since Heaven is thine, where ne'er the wheel
Of time its wasting course hath run,
O! let us say, and, saying, *feel*,
"Thy will, O! God! not ours, be done."

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR, 1840, 1841.

Another year! its funeral dirge
Falls sadly on the listening ear,
Like the last murmur of the surge
Whose waters sink and disappear,
As thousand waves have done before,
Breaking upon the pebbled shore.

Departing Year! when thou wert young,
Joy called to merriment and glee,
And Pleasure, with her syren tongue,
Allured to scenes of revelry:
Hope, beaming in thy youthful sky,
Promised rich gifts ere thou should die.

Behold the change! the shout of Joy
Soon turned to bitterness and pain,
And Pleasure mingled with alloy
Her scenes illusive, brief and vain;
And Hope her fairy woof did weave
To cheer and dazzle, but deceive.

Decrepit, gray and dying Year!
O! say! ere thy last breath depart,
Hast thou not seen us madly rear
Our earthly idols, in the heart?
As Aaron, to strange worship sold,
For Israel reared the calf of gold.

The phantom of an honoured name;
The meteor-light of human praise;
The fading chaplet-wreath of fame;
The multitude's admiring gaze;
The lust for lucre, place and power,—
Those paltry pageants of an hour;

These are the idols we have reared,
And cherished, with deluded art,
Till blasted, blighted, scathed and seared,
The best emotions of the heart.
Scorn, scorn their dark and base control!
Spurn, spurn them from thee, O! my soul!

Let Balim from his altar fall,
Give Baal to the rust and moth,
Dash, dash from their high pedestal
Thy Moloch and thy Ashtaroth!
Doom to destruction, dark and dim,
Thy household gods, thy teraphim!

And thou, young heir! with locks of jet,
And bosom warm with youthful fire,
Coming with smiles, and eyes unwet,
Beside the death-bed of thy sire;

Gay, smiling, but deceitful Year,
How shall we bid thee welcome here?

Know we not—Ah! too well we know
That Death and thee are near allied;
And thou, unmindful of our woe,
Shalt bear our loved ones from our side;
The ties of friendship thou wilt sever,
And break affection's bonds forever.

And, when thy raven-locks are gray,
And furrowed that fair brow by age,
And, for that smiling face and gay,
Thou tak'st the sternness of the sage,
We know thy Mentor-voice will bring
Compunction, and remorse's sting.

For, as the coursing months revolve,
Swiftly as in the seasons gone,
Thou shalt behold the high resolve
Forgotten, broken, trampled on;
Truth shalt thou see to slaughter led,
Duties neglected, error spread.

Yet may thou not, thou infant Year,
All fruitless to thy grave return;
O! may we, while thou lingerest here,
This all-important lesson learn,—
The ultimum of earthly bliss,
If rightly viewed, is found in this;—

To soothe the poignant pang of pain;
A gilead-balm for grief to give;
Through Heavenly aid to raise again
The enfeebled frame, and bid it live;
To turn aside a rivulet
From plenty's wide and widening river,
The arid wilderness to wet
Of ghastly poverty, where yet
Nor tree nor flower has blossomed ever;—

To carry out, as strength is given,
The rule of practice and of faith,
Immutable and undefiled,
Given by Bethlehem's martyr-child,
The well-beloved son of Heaven,
Who came from Paradise above,
To mend the chain so rudely riven
When man from Eden's bowers was driven,—
A scheme in Heavenly wisdom planned—
That rule delivered on the mountain,
By Jordan's waters, and the sea
That bathes the shores of Galilee;
Or, where the Saviour, worn and weary,
Reposed, upon his journey dreary,
Beside Samaria's cooling fountain;—
Justice to do, and mercy love,
And meekly, humbly walk, till death
Shall bear us to the "better land."

TO MY MOTHER.

By Thrasymené's lake
I sit me down, to watch its waters blue;
I hear its ripples on the pebbles break,
Its fair isles meet my view.

But what are these to me,
Though bathed in beauty by Italia's sky?
Over the hills and waters wide, to thee,
My thoughts in gladness fly.

By old Byzantium's walls;
Mid Pæstum's relics of departed time;
In sad Athena's long-deserted halls,
Where flourished mind sublime;

Beneath the 'wondrous dome'
That scales the heavens on Tiber's classic shore;
Amidst thy mouldering piles, eternal Rome,—
Eternal, though no more;

Where treads the mountaineer,
On Snowden's summit or Ben Ledi's side;
Where falls the glacier thundering on the ear,—
The Switzer's home of pride,

My wandering feet have strayed;
Yet there, where Art, and Nature's majesty
In all their pomp before me were arrayed,
My heart returned to thee.

O! in my younger years,
When life was sun-light and its hours were bliss,
When childhood's sorrows, all its pains and fears
Were soothed by thy fond kiss;

Then did I love thee well,
And, though the lines of manhood on my brow
Are written, yet my bosom's heaving swell
Tells that I love thee now.

What though in toil and care,
Those sure attendants of a world like ours,
What though its conflicts and its woes I share,
Life still is strewn with flowers.

And it is joy to feel
I still can claim one blessing from above,—
That gem undimmed, unchanged through woe or weal,
A mother's endless love!

Passignano, Italy, 1839.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

High noon upon the pyramids! the sun,
From the far zenith, looked in glory down
O'er Egypt's verdant vallies. Not a breath
Crept through the lofty sycamores, or waved
The shadowy palmetto; mid-day's sleep
Was on the orange-groves; and, silently,
The deep, broad bosom of the mighty Nile,
That 'Father of the waters,' rolled along,
Bearing luxuriance and fertility
Throughout the land.

The battle's din had ceased:
Full many a phalanx of Egyptian youth
Had fallen at Actium, and the fiery troops
Of Rome's insidious emperor, had quenched
Their thirst for carnage, and had overthrown
The towering expectations, the high hopes
Of the ambitious Anthony, and made
The proud Triumvir rue the fatal day
That brought his steps within the walls of Tarsus.

Woe for his wedded queen, when he had rent
The silken cord of life! it were a stroke
To crush *man's* sterner spirit, and it fell
On Cleopatra like the lightning's bolt
Upon the willow.
Sinking to her couch,
Within the royal palace, her sad heart,
Swollen to fulness, thus broke forth in words.

"Away! away! ye minions; strive ye not,
With counterfeited sympathy, to soothe
This heaving bosom,—'twere but mockery.
Sorrow hath scaled the fortress of my heart;
Affliction there hath entered; I have drunk
Deep of a sedimental chalice; Woe
Has stood before me, with deceitful smiles,
And accents on his tongue which might have lured
A less unwary bosom. What, to me,
Is now this regal pomp?—The princely robes,
The powerful sceptres and the blazonry
Of every earthly crown, are but as gold
That gilds a baser metal. He who thinks
That life may be beguiled with pleasing dreams
And constant gladness, has ne'er seen the world
Nor studied human nature. But, the foe
Is in my footsteps, and, must I be bound
By a proud tyrant, in degrading chains,
And borne from freedom? No; the world must see
That Cleopatra died, as lived,—a queen!"

She rose upon her couch, and, throwing back
Her curling tresses, they disclosed a face
Bearing the traces of a vampyre woe
Drinking at life's fresh fountain. She had nerved
Her feelings for the crisis, and she looked
On death with calmness and with fortitude.
She clasped the venomed serpent to her bosom,
And, drawing round her the imperial robe
Of earthly majesty, again she sank
And yielded unto death.

TO IDELIA.

When smiling morning gaily flings
  Her mantle o'er departed night,
And Earth, with all her beauteous things,
  Revives, in joy, and life and light;
When dews repose upon the flowers,
  And not a breath waves leaf or tree,
I wander, in those quiet hours
  Of early day, to think of thee.

When down the gardens of the west,
  The sun his glorious course has rolled,
And, sinking silently to rest,
  Illumes the clouds with fluid gold;
Then, when the deeply vaulted sky
  Is glowing, like a burning sea,
And mellow winds are stealing by,
  Along the flowers, I think of thee.

When Night, with swift but noiseless tread,
  Comes o'er the world with balmy sleep,
And glittering stars are thickly spread,
  In beauty, o'er the "upper deep;"

When yonder bright and beauteous queen
Is smiling over hill and lea,
I gaze upon the lovely scene
Around me, and I think of thee.

Where Leman's sunny waters come,
To break on Chillon's storied walls,
And where, from Rosa's mountain-dome,
Or Jura's height, the glacier falls;
Where Europe's scourge, in human form,
From Simplon looked o'er Italy,
Above the clouds, above the storm,
I wandered, yet I thought of thee.

In Venice, where the coursing year
Rolls like one long, perpetual June,
And many a merry gondolier
Glides o'er the deep and dark lagune,
I stood, and, on the 'bridge of sighs,'
Where my young boyhood longed to be,
The silent tear-drop to my eyes
Has started, as I thought of thee.

I looked on rocky Salamis,
Where valour's guerdon-wreath was won,
And saw the Ægean-waters kiss
The golden shore of Marathon.
Yet there, the thousand visions bright
Which thronging came to memory,
Were hallowed by one form of light
Which gave them life—the form of thee.

My burning palate I have wet
By Arethusa's classic pool,
And looked on mosque and minaret
That rise, in beauty, o'er Stamboul.
I've seen old Terni's waters roll,
The cascatelles of Tivoli,
And it was rapture to my soul
To look on them, and think of thee.

Thou cheered my earlier summers—now,
Though tears have fallen and years have passed,
Till manhood's lines are on my brow,
And manhood's cares around me cast,
O! cheer me still: this bosom's shrine
Lonely and desolate would be,
Did not my spirit live with thine,
And deem it bliss to be with thee.

Dash pleasure's goblet from my lip—
Let earth no other gladness give—
Make me of sorrow's chalice sip—
Blast other joys for which I live—
But spare, O! spare thy fairy form
And angel-spirit unto me!
Still let this heart, with passion warm,
Kindle to life at thought of thee!

LAMENT OF A GRECIAN EMIGRANT.

Alone! alone!—an orphan child,
Cast on the cold unpitying world!
For me, since father, mother smiled,
No laughing lip with joy hath curled.

I had a father,—but the hour
For freedom's glorious battle came,
When Greece must combat with the Giaour,
Or sink in infamy and shame.

Then did the spirit of the brave,
Unquelled, within his bosom burn;
But Hellas, now no more a slave,
Weeps o'er his monumental urn.

With ataghan—his faithful dirk—
Securely girded by his side,
He went to battle with the Turk,
And, in the cause of freedom, died.

A mother once was mine; the name,
As with a magic power, recalls
That fatal sacrifice of shame,
Of which the thought my soul appals.

Sad was her fate: the infidel
Came o'er the land like winter's flood:
I saw my mother's bosom swell
With her last breath, imbued with blood!

Mine was a sister, too, with whom
Life's sunny morning-hour was passed,
Ere sorrow waked a sigh, or gloom
Its shadow on her brow had cast.

O! then, beneath our olive tree,
What joyous hours were passed with her,
When the low breezes merrily
Waked the young leaves in gentle stir.

Gladly would I forget the hour
In which I saw that flowret fade;
In which she fell by Moslem power,
Weltering, beneath the accursed blade!

O! Heaven! my tortured, phrenzied brain
Reeled and run giddy at the view;
I plead for her, but plead in vain,
For mercy fled that hireling crew.

Thou, sister mine! green be the grave
That rises o'er thy couch of sleep,
Beneath the palm whose branches wave
Where it were ecstacy to weep.

Mother of him who sorrows here,
An exile from his home and thine!
Thy rest be tranquil, where no tear
Descends for anguish such as mine.

May flowers, bright flowers, perennial bloom
  Upon the spot where thou art laid,
And breathe their fragrance round the tomb
  That rises in the cypress' shade.

My father! rest thee, in the land
  Which shrouds ten thousand honoured dead;
The clime for which thou raised thy hand
  Against the foe, and fought and bled.

Rest ye all, sweetly, until life,
  With its swift current, pass away,
When death shall bear me from this strife,
  To meet you in eternal day.

TO ———

Thou shalt go to the land which thou lovest so well,
  Where the friends of thy childhood shall meet thee,
And with warmest emotions their bosoms shall swell,
  As they haste with embraces to greet thee.

Thou wilt go to the scenes of thy earlier days,
  When thy bosom was bounding in gladness,
When thy way was illumined with pleasure's bright
    rays,
  And thy heart was untutored in sadness.

Thou wilt go to thy home;—in that soul-stirring name
  The fondest attachments are spoken,
Affection rekindles her undying flame
  And the seals of her fountain are broken.

The mariner tossed on the ocean-wave's foam,
  Ever turns to one bright star above him,
Thus man, when afar, still reverts to his home,
  Where *they* dwell whom he loves, and who love him.

Thou wilt go to thy home; may the heavens be bright,
And the earth fraught with beauty before thee,
And Happiness e'er, like an angel of light,
Spread her beautiful canopy o'er thee.

Thou wilt go;—fare-thee-well; may thy lot ever be
Where no sorrow can darken thy bosom;
Heaven's blessings forever descend upon thee,
As the dew on the violet's blossom!

NIGHT.

Thou'rt here in beauty, glorious Night!
The wakeful stars are in the skies,
And the refulgent moon, whose light
Makes the deep heavens, to mortal sight,
Bright as the Persian's paradise!

'Tis autumn, and the garnered sheaf
Bespeaks a waning, dying year;
And, passed its summer verdure brief,
The forest's foliage, every leaf
Is blanched upon its bough, and sere.

'Tis autumn; yet this evening sky,
Rich with the radiance of the moon,
The gentle gale that stealeth by,
The insects mellow minstrelsy,
Remind the heart of merry June;—

Of merry June, when opening flowers
Their fragrance breathed on every gale;
When Beauty sought repose in bowers
By summer garnished, where the hours
Sped swiftly as the hurrying sail.

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O! 'twere impossible to gaze
  Unfeelingly, on such an even,
Upon the moon's refulgent rays,
The sentry-stars' more brilliant blaze,
  The quiet earth, or deep blue heaven!

If e'er the spirit long to rise
  Above the world which sorrow mars,
To claim a mansion in the skies,
Where tears no longer dim the eyes,
  Beyond the zone of glowing stars;

If e'er it feel these bonds of clay
  Restrain it from eternal bliss,
In realms of everlasting day,
Where sighs and sadness flee away,
  It must be at an hour like this!

For, hushed into the quietude
  Like childhood's sleep pervading earth,
No worldly passions dare intrude,
And no emotions but the good,
  In Virtue's bosom spring to birth.

Hail! hallowed night! whene'er thy wing
  Is bent o'er heaven's celestial blue,
To God the thoughts of worship spring,
On eagle-pinions, and may "sing
  His glory with devotion due."

THE DEPARTED.

When first creation sprang to light,
  Obedient to a Sovereign nod,
And all looked beautiful and bright,
  Before the perfect eye of God;
When earth, a new-created star,
Sprang through the depths of air afar,
And, to the spheres' harmonious chime,
Commenced the long career of time;

Then, in yon firmament's broad arch,
  Unnumbered worlds together met,
And, moving onward in their march,
  Their numerous seals together set;
And there all beautiful they shone,
Together still, yet still alone;
The glowing gems of summer's even—
Bright diamonds in the crown of heaven!

Then, when the shadow of the night
  Came o'er the earth, with vesper dew,
Those worlds appeared, a lovely sight,
  In heaven, to man's admiring view;

He gazed in rapture;—from the sky
They beamed so bright, so gloriously—
While, silently as death, they went
Their swift way through the firmament.

Time thus went on with tireless wing;—
Long ages o'er creation rolled;
But still those stars were glittering,
By centuries worn yet never old.
They shone as brightly still, as when
They beamed above the first-born men;
When sweet, melodious and long,
They chaunted Nature's morning song.

And yet *all* were *not* there; the wheels
Of time, careering through the heaven,
Had borne them from their course; the seals
Were broken which they once had given;
The light that made them lovely, shone
No more on earth, for they were gone!
How silently oblivion cold
Its Lethé-waters o'er them rolled!

Thus must the beautiful of earth
Bow to the mandate of decay;
Beauty, wit, wisdom, friendship, worth,
Must, like the pleiad, pass away.
'Dust unto dust'—earth cannot keep
Her brightest, best, from death's long sleep;
The spirits which they claim, must rise
To changeless worlds beyond the skies!

Thus they *have* passed from earth; the good,
Those whom we loved, for whom we weep;
Let no unhallowed step intrude
Upon the lowly couch of sleep,
Where, in their calm repose, they lie
Beneath one canopy—the sky—
Beyond the reach of worldly cares,
Earth's dark temptations and its snares.

It were not meet that man should dare
To wish his loved ones here again;
Their dwelling-place is holy, where
The passions of unrighteous men
Cloud not the brow nor dim the eye,
Nor wake a thought of agony;
Their home is HEAVEN, they gladly rest
Within its portals with the blest.

LINES

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

Bright flower of the Orient, bathed in the dies
That crimson the vault of Hellenean skies;
Fanned by zephyrs which over Pentelicus blew,
And nurtured by drops of Hymettean dew;
Or by vapours perchance on the breeze wafted o'er
From the Hiëron Elios of old Epidaure!
Bright jewel of Flora! with gladness I gaze
On thy lustre, still bright as in earlier days;
For thou bringest to mind, and I live it anew,
The hour when I stood where in beauty thou grew;
On the stern Areopagus, gazing around
On the relics of Attica's time-honoured ground,
From the mountain-perched Parthenon, down to the tomb
Which saved Philopappus from Lethé and gloom.

But chiefly I prize thee, anemoné sweet,
That he who was taught at Gamaliel's feet,
From his country and friends far wand'ring exiled,
To proclaim the religion of Bethlehem's Child,

Revealed, where thou bloomed, to minds darkened
and dim,
The truths shown in glorious vision to him.
On that rock-circled summit methought I beheld
The apostle, surrounded by throngs, as of eld:
Ha! who cometh now, that inquisitive one,
With lantern and staff, walking sadly alone,
His brethren regarding with critical eye?
'Tis the cynical leader who thus passeth by.

From the banks of Ilyssus, the classical river,
In the annals of history now hallowed forever,
With a legion of youth, who his students appear,
Aristotle, the Stagyrite, cometh to hear.
And Zeno comes next, with stern lip and eye,
And feelings which life's every trial defy.
Now, forth from the bowers of the old Académe—
Bowers bright as the scenes of a mid-summer dream,
By disciples surrounded, and walking in state,
As a leader of armies, comes Plato the great.

But who is yon father, with lineaments grave,
And a brow as the heathen to Jupiter gave?
'Tis the Attican sage, who, in long after days,
When Athena and Sparta re-echoed his praise,
By a jealousy venomed was sentenced to die;
And when sun-set was gloriously bright in the sky,
(Apollo's last beams on the mountains of Greece,)
Drank the Conium cup, and departed in peace.

The concourse assembled; the apostle stood forth,
The disciple and champion of CHRIST upon earth:
He spoke of the star, of the bright-beaming one
Which directed the magi to God's chosen Son;
Of the marriage at Cana, the water made wine,
The multitudes healed by his fiat divine;
The whirlwind and tempest that ceased at his word,
And the billows which stilled when his mandate they heard:
Of his transfiguration, his passion and death,
And the prayer for forgiveness that closed his last breath;
Of the sepulchres opened, the veil which was riven,
With his triumph o'er death, and ascension to Heaven.

When thus spake the apostle, the great and the good,
In what deep, death-like silence that multitude stood!
And when he pursued, and portrayed to the mind
The 'Comforter,' sent as a guide to the blind,
And exhorted, entreated the listening crowd,
Who to divers strange gods in idolatry bowed,
To abandon their altars, their temples forsake,
And the thirst of the spirit at Siloam slake,
Awe, amazement, delight, in each countenance beamed,
And the stern old philosophers thunder-struck seemed.

Diogenes cried—'Ye've confounded the wise;
This alone can instruct us the world to despise:'

And Zeno, the stoic, delighted, exclaimed—
'Behold the perfection at which I have aimed!'
The peripatetic, with figure benign,
Cried, 'Athena is vanquished by old Palestine;'
While Socrates turned his Herculean head,
With a smile of delight, to his neighbour, and said:
'Is not this the completion of that which I taught?
This the fire, a bright beam of whose radiance I caught?'
Plato gath'ring his students, declared that each theme
Of philosophy taught in his famed Académe,
Compared with this system of truth and of right,
Was a star to the sun, or as darkness to light.

* * * * *

Thus were called up before me, regardless of time,
The Immortal Renowned of that glorious clime:
'Twas a picture of Fancy, but, beautiful flower!
Bright memento, endowed with a magical power,
I shall cherish thee long, as a talisman true,
These pictures of mem'ry to bring to my view.

BALBOA'S FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC.

"After twenty-five days of excessive fatigue, they came to the last mountain. Up this, he went alone, being determined that none should rob him of the first sight. He attained the summit, from whence he saw the vast Pacific rolling beneath his feet."

He stood on Andes' rock-ribbed mount,
The first who there had been,
And, looking down upon the fount
Of billowy waters green,

He felt his bounding bosom swell
With strong emotions; but the spell
Of strange, ecstatic pleasure broke,
And, warm with heartfelt joy, he spoke:—

"I am the first, I am the first
Who e'er upon this summit stood,
And saw upon his vision burst
The waters of this boundless flood!

Yon sun is o'er me—I have seen
His golden beams in other climes;
Earth smiles around me—I have been
Where 'twas as bright in by-gone times;

But, Ocean! man's enraptured eyes
Ne'er rested on thy wave before,
And heart ne'er felt the glad surprise
Of him who treads thy mountain shore.

Man has not known thee; thy dark wave
Ne'er heard the shouting seaman's call;
And those deep waters never gave
A covering to the sailor's pall.

But time shall come, O! hail the day!
When thou shalt bear, at man's command,
The cleaving ship upon its way,
Through sun and storm, from land to land!

Farewell! when future time has rolled,—
When many a coming age is o'er,—
When human prowess, stern and bold,
Has proved thee known to human lore,
Shall countless millions bless the day
When, on his solitary way,
Balboa scaled this rugged mount,
To view, in joy, thy rolling fount!

THE ALIEN'S SONG.

"The voices of my home! I hear them still."

They come—those blessed voices come, unmindful
of control,
Falling, like Gilead's healing balm, upon my weary
soul.
They come like music of the birds when morning
plumes her wings,
And Earth revives, in melody, with all created things.
They whisper sweetly on my ear, with soft, seraphic
voice,
When summer's sun, with noontide blaze, makes hill
and vale rejoice:
They steal, like mellow minstrelsy, through twilight's
grateful air,
When beauty bathes the vaulted sky, and clouds are
gorgeous there.
They wing to me their joyous flight, through
evening's dusky shroud,
And fall upon my heart, as fall bright moon-beams
on a cloud.

They haunt my slumbers with sweet words, and, with delirious joy
I dream of home, and wish myself again a careless boy!
Voices beloved! ye tell of years when life was strewn with flowers,
And, robed in beauty, Earth appeared a land of rosy bowers.
Ye tell of expectations nursed so ardently, when young,
When, bright with early hues, the bow of Hope above me hung.
Ye tell of youth's enchanting scenes, endeared by all the ties
That sweeten life, a father's love, a mother's sympathies.
Departed father! o'er thy grave may many a blossom spring,
Emblems of love, which to thy name a sacrifice I bring.
Thou, mother mine! no offering upon the sacred shrine
Of love's bright altar, were too pure for friendship such as thine!
Sleep! sleep in peace! my earliest guides—the Mentors of my way!
Life's feverish dream with you is changed for everlasting day.
Days of my youth! with heavenly beams, a halo mildly bright,
In lustre shines around you still, with undecaying light!

Ye brought no sorrows,—they were stored for manhood's darker day,
When life's enthusiastic hopes had passed, with you, away.
To me ye are like blooming flowers beneath the forest's gloom,
Shedding upon the shadowed air their unalloyed perfume.
Green islands on a stormy sea! oäses of life's waste!
Bright halcyon days! far, far too sweet, too pleasant long to last.
To you my heart will ever turn till cold it sleeps in death,
And I will bless you with my last—last whispering of breath!

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

When joyous May-day comes with smiles,
  And blossoms make the valleys gay,
The blooming girls of England's isles
  Go forth to celebrate the day;
And, roaming far 'midst Nature's bowers
Of twining vines and clustering flowers,
With thoughtful care select and cull
The bright ones and the beautiful.

Such are their treasured gems; and now,
  Inwoven thick with leaflets green,
A wreath is braided for the brow
  Of her who is their chosen queen;
And, while amidst her flowing hair
They weave the dewy garland fair,
A thousand hopes for her are given,
A thousand blessings asked from Heaven.

As British maidens, so would we
  Bring forth *our* offerings to the shrine,
And twine a blooming wreath for thee,
  This blessed morn, this day benign.

And from our hearts we offer up
A prayer, that thine may be the cup
Of sweetness, proffered by that Power
Whose blessings crown us every hour.

Nor is the garland wreathed for thee,
  Alone of flowers that twine
In beauty at the dawn, to be
  Destroyed at day's decline.
Ours are affection's blossoms, pure
From feeling's altar, that endure
Through time, and then but pass away
To bloom in everlasting day.

Heaven bless thee! sister fair, and while
  Down life's broad stream thy bark shall glide,
With course directed to the isle
  Of Heavenly rest, beyond time's tide;—
Peace be around thee; and above,
The guardian canopy of love!
Till, anchored on that blessed shore
Where tears are dried forevermore,
A port of rest to thee is given,
Within the blissful realms of Heaven.

EXTRACT.

Through boundless space, Imagination wings
Her tireless way, unchecked by mortal strings.
Round the fair moon which cheers the silent night,
Behold her lingering in her lofty flight!
There, while she hovers on the waveless air,
To mark the wonders of that region fair,
What fertile realms salute her gladdened eye!
What millions greet her as she passes by!
Unnumbered mountains rise before her view,
And limpid lakes reflect the zenith's hue;
Fields beautiful as those of earth are seen,
Their flowers as varied and their grass as green;
And there,—she whispers on her breathing shell—
The various ranks of animation dwell;
While consecrated temples thickly rise,
(Their gilded spires ascending to the skies;)
Before whose altars countless thousands kneel,
And worship God with all a Christian's zeal.

From that delightful clime she soars away,
On rapid wings, impatient of delay;

And mounting upward, in her swift career,
Where brighter regions roll a longer year,
Behold her bask in ether's depths afar,
And flit enraptured on, from star to star!
What unsung glories meet her wondering eye!
How rich the treasures of immensity!

Now, on yon twinkling orb she folds her wing,
Where Nature smiles in gay apparelling—
Where brighter stars are glittering on high,
And lovelier tints bedeck the bended sky.
Nature's best gifts adorn that rolling sphere,
And one long summer lingers through the year.

* * * * *

Angelic strains might sing, in glowing verse,
The unseen glories of the Universe;
While man, poor prisoner of a mortal sphere,
Must bound his view to objects witnessed here.
But yet his mind, ambitious, will aspire
Upward and onward, still a little higher;
And, as ungrateful for his liberal store
Of knowledge, fain would ask a little more.
O! could we open and reveal to light,
Creation's wonders hidden from our sight,
Explore the depths of yonder azure heaven,
And closely view the taper-lights of even,
How would the heart be humbled, more and more
To love, admire, to wonder and adore!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

It would appear inconsistent and surprising, at first view, that Polycarp, as well as many other saints of the Christian calendar, should receive the homage of the professors of the Mahometan faith. The fact, however, exhibits the sagacity of Mahomet, and is easily explained, when we recollect that a large portion of those whom he wished to proselyte, were imbued with a reverence for Christianity which he could not hope entirely to eradicate.

It is related, whether by tradition or by more authentic history I am not informed, that, at the time of the martyrdom of Polycarpus, the people "ran down the hill" to procure faggots wherewith to consume his body. It is an interesting fact, strikingly corroborative of the correct location of the scene of this martyrdom, that, at the present day, near the base of the hill upon which this spot is situated, there is a magazine for the sale of faggots, which has existed from time immemorial.

Note B.

The boatmen upon Loch Katrine are descendants of the renowned but ill-fated Clan Alpine. In all colloquial intercourse with each other, they speak the Gælic language, and they amuse themselves and entertain travellers with songs in their native tongue.

Among other facts which manifest their dislike to the English, I recollect an observation made by one of them while rowing my companions and myself up the lake. The conversation turning upon the character of Rhoderic Dhu, one of the party inquired the signification of the word "*dhu.*" "It means '*black*,' in the English language," said M'Gregor. "The adjective is placed after the noun, then," remarked the one who had asked the question. "Yes," answered M'Gregor, "*we always place the substance before the shadow; the English always place the shadow before the substance.*"

These boatmen are most inveterate snuff-takers. Each carries a small ivory instrument, called 'snuschen-pan,' which, in form and dimensions, is strikingly analogous to the ordinary salt-spoon of table furniture.

While we were upon the lake, they continually dropped their oars, at intervals of a few minutes, and, with this instrument, regaled themselves with such quantities of their favourite narcotic as would

fairly put to the blush the snuff-takers of France or of any other country.

Ellen's Isle, mentioned at the close of the poem, is too well known by the readers of the "Lady of the Lake," to require any further description. A beautiful arbour, erected upon its summit by the proprietor of the soil, had been consumed, a few days previous to our visit, by fire taken from the cigar of a careless traveller.

The term 'Boots' which occurs in the poem, is universally applied, in the hotels of Great Britain, to that servant whose duty it is to apply and to polish the 'Day and Martin.'

Note C.

The phosphorescent light of the ocean is observable, in a greater or less degree, in every portion of its widely extended surface; but in no other place have I seen it so beautifully exhibited as in the Adriatic. We arrived in the harbour of Ancona in the evening, when the weather was clear and calm, and the surface of the water unbroken by the slightest ripple. Soon after casting anchor, an officer of the customs came to us in a boat manned

by several oarsmen. As they approached, every oar, as it dipped into the unruffled water, appeared studded, upon both its edges, with a succession of brilliant corruscations, rivalling the lustre of the diamond which sparkles in the light of a meridian sun.